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A Tribute to

HORACE WILLARD HOOKER

1876 — 1937

Penned by those who esteemed him deeply and compiled as a special edition of Hooker Gas by its editors

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Hooker family
Horace Willard Hooker (1876-1937)

Palm Beach

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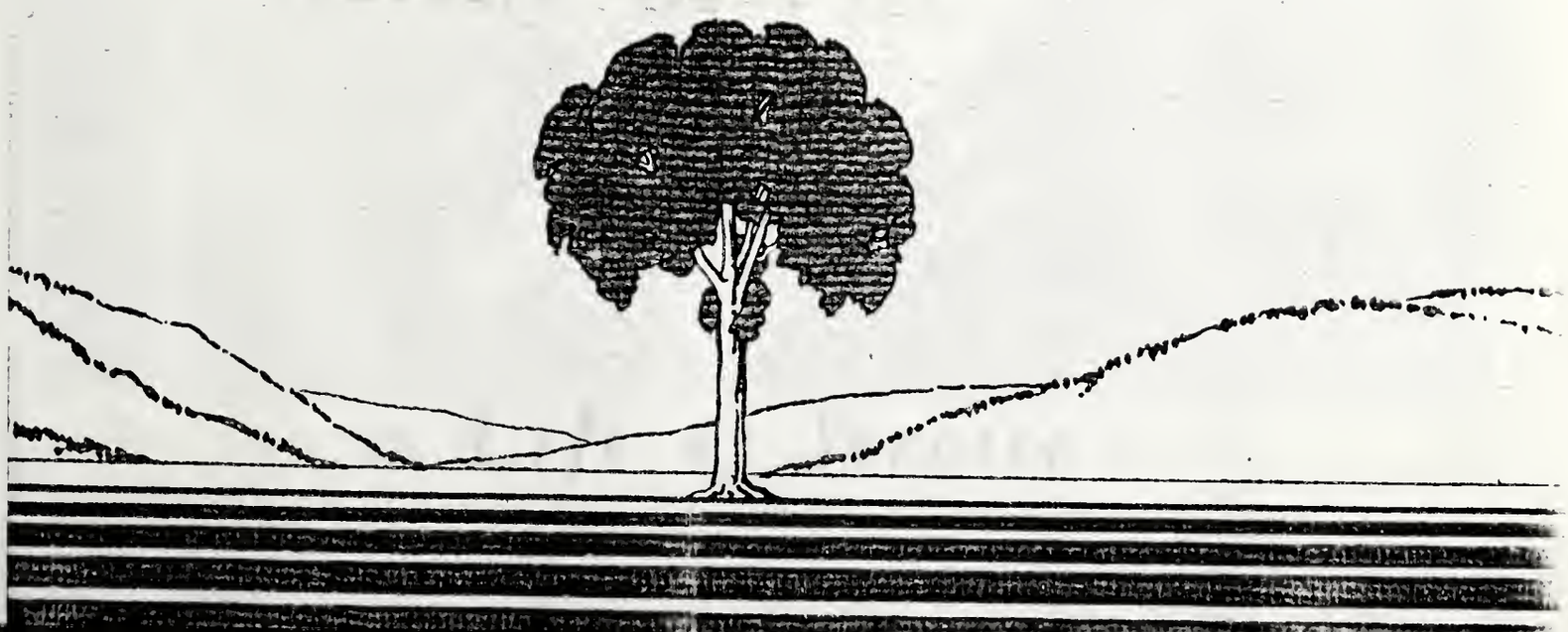
Rec'd July 5-1978

HORACE
WILLARD
HOOKER



a Life of Service

HORACE WILLARD HOOKER

FOREWORD

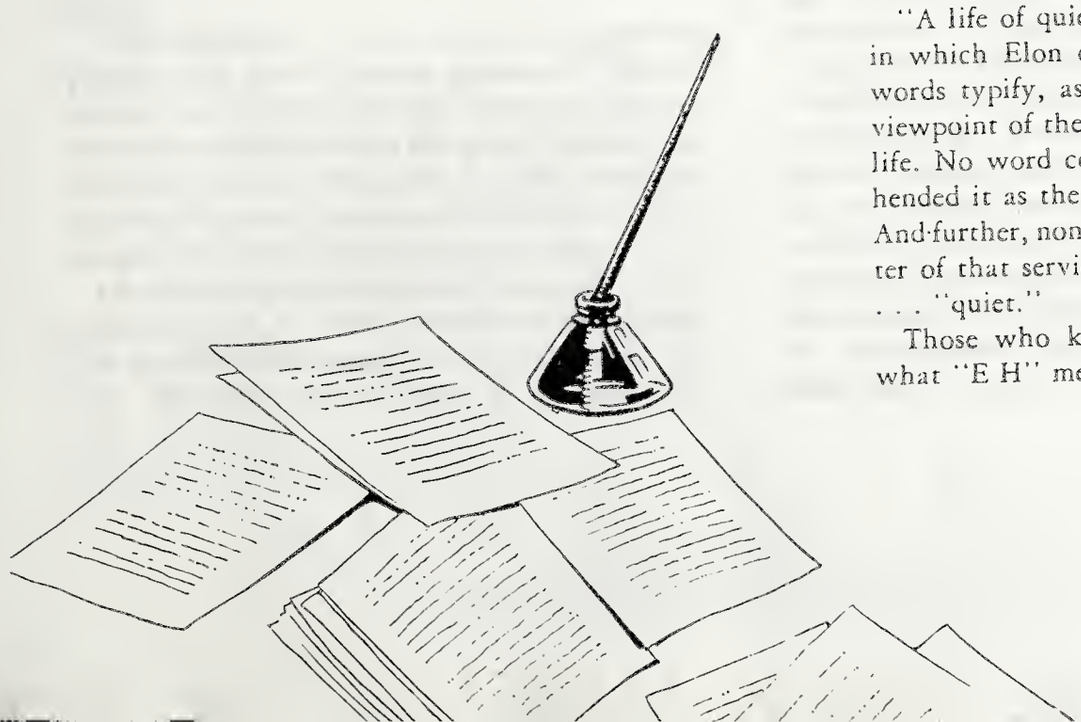
UR memorial to Horace Willard Hooker is a very earnest, a very sincere outpouring of a host of personal tributes. It is, as it were, just a sheaf of many loving thoughts. It has been the pleasant task of your editors to classify and arrange these tributes in a definite form, yet so to bind them together as to give us all a faithful portrait of Willard, a portrait that, like him, will "ring true" throughout the years.

The volume has naturally shaped itself into two distinct divisions . . . one devoted to his work among his fellow-associates at the Hooker Company, the other an equally intimate portrayal of him in the midst of his beloved home and family. Without either, this memorial would have been, indeed, an empty thing. With both, it becomes a sympathetic, appreciative memorial of Horace Willard Hooker.

It seems right and fitting that the keynote to the entire volume be given by a very simple, comprehensive tribute to him, one paid by the founder of our Company, his own brother, Elon Huntington Hooker. Surely a summary of Willard's contribution to the Company by the man at whose side he had labored the major part of his life, possesses a rare significance.

"A life of quiet service," is the satisfying way in which Elon expressed that tribute. The very words typify, as it were, Willard Hooker's own viewpoint of the height and breadth and depth of life. No word could have so adequately comprehended it as the all-inclusive word . . . "service." And further, none could have so defined the character of that service as the other well-chosen word . . . "quiet."

Those who knew Willard Hooker best know what "E H" meant by "quiet." Beyond a doubt,



If your story is worth telling, you ought to love it enough to be willing to work over it until it is true—true not only to the ideal, but true also to the real.

—HENRY VAN DYKE

he saw the steadfast, earnest searcher for underlying truth who never deviated from his course. He saw the man who gave of himself unstintingly, be it in the interest of a common cause or in the more intimate service of the family and friends he so loved.

Under this heading, as it were, "a life of quiet service," it has been perfectly easy to collate all our material. Out of it we believe has come a book worthy of Horace Willard Hooker. Such a memorial needs be simple and sincere, buoyant and kindly, modest, and above all, true. Endeared to Willard's heart were all these qualities. Indeed, they made up his very life.

Elon Hooker once referred to his brother Willard's life as one that truly "yielded dividends." Some of these dividends are revealed in the tributes of his close business associates. They give a far deeper insight into the contribution of Willard Hooker to the establishment, growth and expansion of the Hooker Electrochemical Company. From them we learn of Willard's foundational work in the early days and of his constant interest and inspiration for us all throughout his entire lifetime, even through his latter years at Canandaigua.

"Canandaigua" . . . the very word conjures up perhaps our most intimate picture of Willard Hooker, one which certainly brings to mind the portrayal of a phase of his life which furnishes the crowning touch to this book. It opens a vista for us all on the inner sweetness of his life, that high purpose to which it was truly consecrated.

Of the value of an appreciative portrayal of home and family life, R. Wolcott Hooker has well said: "In preparing any memorial that attempts to portray the motivating influence in Willard's life, great emphasis should be placed on the importance he attached to family home life, family solidarity, and his own unswerving loyalty to what he regarded as his duty and obligation in guiding and preparing his children for the leading of successful lives of their own."

Because of the earnestness with which Willard Hooker devoted himself to this lofty purpose, the tributes to him from the pen of his daughter Ruth and his son Horace W. Jr., seem ideally appropriate. They give us such a realistic glimpse into Willard's life. The contribution of his daughter is the basis for our chapter on "Home Life" and that of his son for the chapter on "Canandaigua Days."

In this intimate portrait of Willard Hooker among his own immediate family, smiles and laughter only serve as a foil for the deeper feelings of esteem and appreciation. The little anecdotes seen in the light of retrospect, take on a purposeful significance. We are glad to have lived with Willard Hooker through the memories of his children.

It is with this picture of Willard Hooker among his own intimate circle of loved ones that this book closes. Anything further would be truly an anticlimax. For here he found his richest companionship, here he spent his happiest hours, here he achieved his highest hopes.

May this book fulfill the high aim which Henry Van Dyke has inspired in us. Ours has been a story "worth telling." We have "worked over it" to keep it intimate, yet faithful to Willard Hooker's own shy reserve. And we have loved the task. If it proves "true not only to the ideal, but true also to the real," our work will not have been in vain. The memorial will prove more than a tribute to one who is gone. It will prove an inspiration to those who are left.

AT WORK

HE warm ties within the Hooker family gave a definite direction to the choice of Horace Willard Hooker's life work, even before his graduation from the University of Rochester. During a brief recess in his studies Willard journeyed to Chicago. In the paint plant of Heath and Milligan, working with his brother, A. H. Hooker, he gained his first taste of chemical engineering.

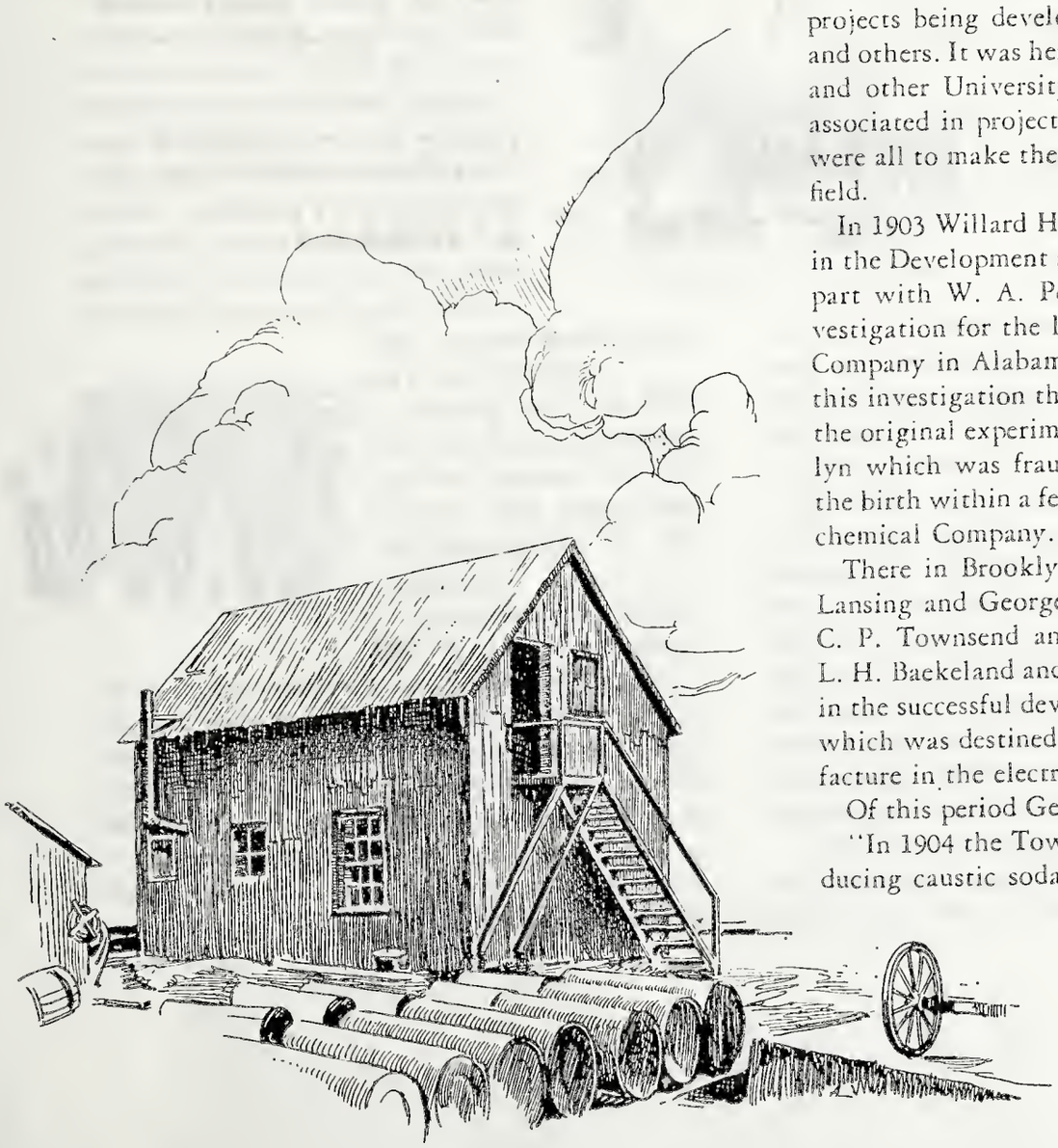
Such a definite bent did this experience give to his career that he joined the staff of the Ampere Electrochemical Company at Niagara Falls in 1901. There were several embryonic electrochemical projects being developed by the Ampere Company and others. It was here that George Stone, Willard, and other University of Rochester men were all associated in projects of this Company, men who were all to make their mark in the electrochemical field.

In 1903 Willard Hooker joined his brother Elon in the Development and Funding Company to take part with W. A. Perrin in their preliminary investigation for the location of a Portland Cement Company in Alabama. And it was at the close of this investigation that he spent the year of 1904 on the original experimental Townsend cell in Brooklyn which was fraught with such importance to the birth within a few years of the Hooker Electrochemical Company.

There in Brooklyn with George Stone, Cooper Lansing and George Ayers under the direction of C. P. Townsend and Elmer A. Sperry, with Dr. L. H. Baekeland and A. H. Hooker, Willard joined in the successful development of the Townsend cell which was destined to open new avenues of manufacture in the electrochemical field.

Of this period George Stone says:

"In 1904 the Townsend electrolytic cell for producing caustic soda and chlorine was brought to

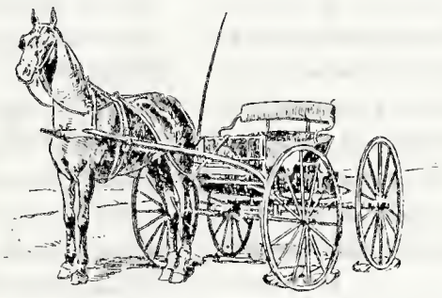


An idea arrives without effort.
A form can only be wrought out
by patient labor.

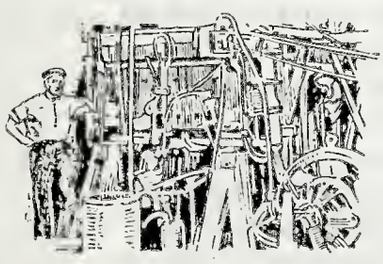
—HENRY VAN DYKE

the attention of E. H. Hooker. He arranged for a demonstration plant for testing a commercial size cell which at that time was designed for 2,000 amperes. This was the famous 'Brooklyn Plant' and Willard was placed in charge of it. The tests were carried on for about four months, resulting in the purchase of the Townsend patents."

In paying tribute to Willard Hooker's years of devotion to the Company, Harry M. Hooker, President, has succinctly stated: "Willard Hooker joined the Company as a young man. At the age of twenty-seven he joined the parent Development and Funding Company, when the Company was organized by its founder, Elon Huntington Hooker. As this Company's activities were increased, more responsibility was entrusted to him. He was appointed Assistant Treasurer the first year. A year later he became Secretary and Treasurer."



Willard Hooker's horse "Silver Heels"



Looking back on Willard's lifetime of devotion to the Company, H. M. Hooker thus summarizes his contribution to the Company:

"Aside from his family, the Hooker Electrochemical Company was the interest of Willard Hooker's life. He took a great individual interest in the employees. He was possessed of a keen analytical mind and an eagerness always to give the best he had. He rendered a great and valuable service to his Company and endeared himself particularly to those of his associates with whom his contacts were intimate. He brought to the Company and to his associates a very great loyalty and devotion."

By the Fall of 1905 plans were well under way for the first Niagara Falls plant and when operation was started in January 1906 Willard Hooker took charge as Superintendent.

Willard Hooker's selection for this post was not only supremely natural . . . it was supremely happy. He had entered with whole souled enthusiasm into the new enterprise to which his brother, Elon, was lending his rare initiative. He had shared . . . yes directed . . . the initial tests of the Townsend cell on the success of which the launching of the new Company hung in the balance. When, at last, the promise of real opportunity was realized, to him was entrusted the setting up of the physical plant. That plant was to translate an idea into that form which "can only be wrought out by patient labor."

No camera could afford a more realistic glimpse of the early days when this "form" was in the making than the picture which E. R. Bartlett has drawn for us. After the many years in which Mr. Bartlett worked day-in, day-out, with Willard Hooker, their first meeting is still vividly retained in memory. The first impressions prove not only lasting but true. What E. R. Bartlett saw on the occasion of that first meeting, was typical of Willard Hooker down the years. Says Mr. Bartlett:

"My first meeting with Willard Hooker is today as clear in my mind as it was when it occurred on a cold, windy day in December of 1907. The train

Beginnings at Niagara in 1905. Back of the "office" rises the framework of the first cell house.

from New York discharged a young man into Niagara Falls at the Falls Street station of the New York Central. A swaying, bumping trolley car careened its way through an unpaved, muddy street to the outskirts of the city near La Salle, where a bored-with-life conductor called out 'Union Street' and indicated the location of the new chemical plant. After splashing around in the slush and mud I finally descried a sign indicating the presence of an office in buildings which might more properly have been labelled for cows or horses. Entering the warped door of the first shed one stumbled over loose and uneven boards, passed an old coal stove and a lot of debris to two closed doors apparently leading into two more similar sheds. In response to my knock on one of the doors, an emphatic voice called out 'come in' and after complying came my first contact with Willard.

"Diffidently I explained that Mr. Elon H. Hooker had employed me to come to Niagara Falls to assist with the office work. To my horror Willard arose, put on his hat and coat and started for the door, saying as he went: 'That's fine! here's the office. I have a lot of work to do in the plant; see you sometime later.' 'Wait a minute', I said. 'Just what am I supposed to do?' 'Well,' replied Willard, 'I guess you can find plenty to do, but for the present you might concentrate on the purchasing, bookkeeping, time-keeping, shipping records, invoicing and daily reports. And don't forget to keep the three stoves going, as it gets rather cold by the time we stop working at eight or nine o'clock in the evening.'

"This somewhat casual start was not followed by casual supervision. Willard himself was as much concerned with detail as he was with general conclusions. To him the details were required as a requisite step in reaching a conclusion. He was meticulous in developing the basic facts and he was patient in teaching others to assemble and analyze data along lines that he considered essential.

"During the early days when the plant was suffering its growing pains, Willard devoted his entire thought and all of his energies to the problems which he had to face. This was not to the exclusion of his family, of course, although even at home his mind was wrestling with and planning for the work of tomorrow. But it was almost entirely to the exclusion of outside interests. Frequently in the middle of the night, or in the early hours of the morning, some new idea would be developed which required immediate trial. Rather than wait until the regular hours he would proceed at once to the plant to get the answer for himself. Many times he went home for breakfast after working for several hours prior to the opening of the office in the morning.

"The operation of an electrolytic plant was in many ways far more difficult in the early days than at present. This was a fact, even though the products then were simple and few in number as compared with the present multitude of products of a more complicated nature. Materials of construction, particularly those involving corrosive substances, were limited in variety and quality. Equipment manufacturers, who now specialize in apparatus for the chemical industry and who now supply technical and operating information, were then in the experimental and developmental stage. These factors caused continuous complication

for the operating man and for Willard Hooker during the various periods when he was responsible for the Niagara plant. He had to be, and was, a combination of designing engineer, chemical and mechanical experimenter, maintenance man, efficiency expert and supervisor of production with financing, accounting and purchasing thrown in for good measure. It was a liberal education for those who had the good fortune to act as Willard's assistants."

The versatility which Willard Hooker displayed in facing with undaunted spirit the widely varied problems, creative and administrative, of the new Company impressed itself indelibly upon all his associates. It became both a privilege and an inspiration to follow his leadership into the new, vast fields in which the Company was pioneering — fields which demanded creative genius, originality in the solution of hitherto unfaced problems, courageous initiative and wise judgment in ultimate decisions.

Speaking of that versatility and courage which marked those pioneering years, J. A. Flynn states: "One of the outstanding things I recall was the vigorous fight Willard Hooker waged to put over the installation in the East Bay of the three decker cells. He worked against very severe odds and adverse conditions because at that time they had very little control of chlorine gas."

R. L. Murray, S. G. Osborne, and others who were also in later years closely associated with his work, give us an excellent portrayal of the manner in which he delightedly tackled each new problem and genuinely thrilled in its solution. The greater the obstacles to be faced the higher, seemingly, he rose to meet them.

Says S. G. Osborne:

"Willard had the power of thinking out the most original angles to anything that came up. This was derived from the habit of exploring any eventuality."

And R. L. Murray thus refers to his breadth of vision:

"Willard Hooker had one of the most penetrating and imaginative minds of anyone in the Hooker Company. This was evident in many ways. If he participated in a conference with his associates, as he often did, the conference seldom if ever came to a close without those present having received from Willard Hooker many creative suggestions as to the program to follow, or new channels to pursue. Such creative thinking ability as his is rarely encountered. It was invaluable and is now very much missed."

These same associates both refer to Willard Hooker's genius in the writing of business contracts and license agreements. No detail was overlooked. Says R. L. Murray: "He could think of more things that might happen and which, therefore, needed to be properly covered than anyone could imagine. There have been many examples where little things which he introduced into contracts have proven worth while in future months or years."

Willard Hooker's mental approach to every problem was fascinating to his associates at all

Hooker Electrochemical men in west doorway to south bay of cell house shortly after first current was turned on in September 1914.

Left to Right:
W. Scheller
C. Snowdon
M. Rowland
J. O'Connor
F. Ogden
L. B. Lyster
Thompson
S. Crowell
R. Bartlett
H. Hooker
P. Townsend
W. Hooker
hn F. Bush
anklin Remington

times. His tireless attention to detail and his extreme accuracy were outstanding traits. But probably his faculty for the "impeccable weighing of the equities of any situation," as S. G. Osborne points out, awakened the greatest admiration and respect.

E. R. Bartlett, who knew him so well, throws an interesting light on this "impeccable weighing" of every factor:

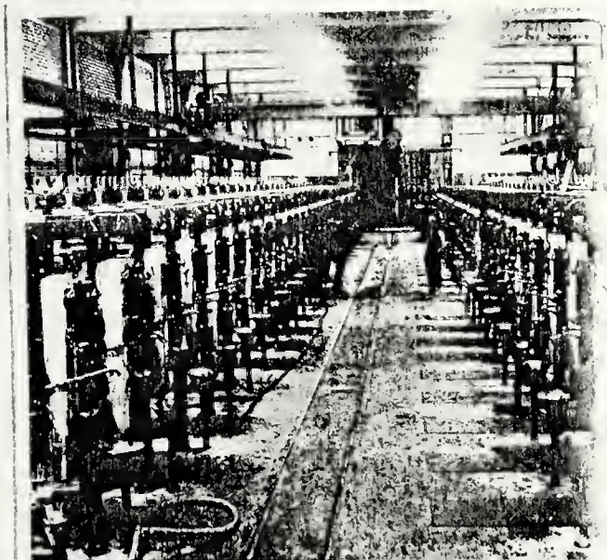
"One fundamental characteristic which Willard applied to each and every problem coming to his attention involved an appraisal of alternatives. There have been innumerable times when all of us have brought in suggestions as to changes and improvements which looked good to us and seemed to justify immediate adoption. Willard would invariably present alternatives and discuss the advantages and disadvantages of each from all points of view. Perhaps the ultimate result in some cases was the adoption of the first suggestion, in other cases some modification was approved, and at times the final plan followed one of Willard's ideas. Whatever the outcome, in each case we all felt sure that the action taken was not a haphazard one, but was sound in theory as compared with all other possibilities. Willard often, for similar reasons, argued strongly against ideas he thought were correct in order to bring all phases under thorough consideration."

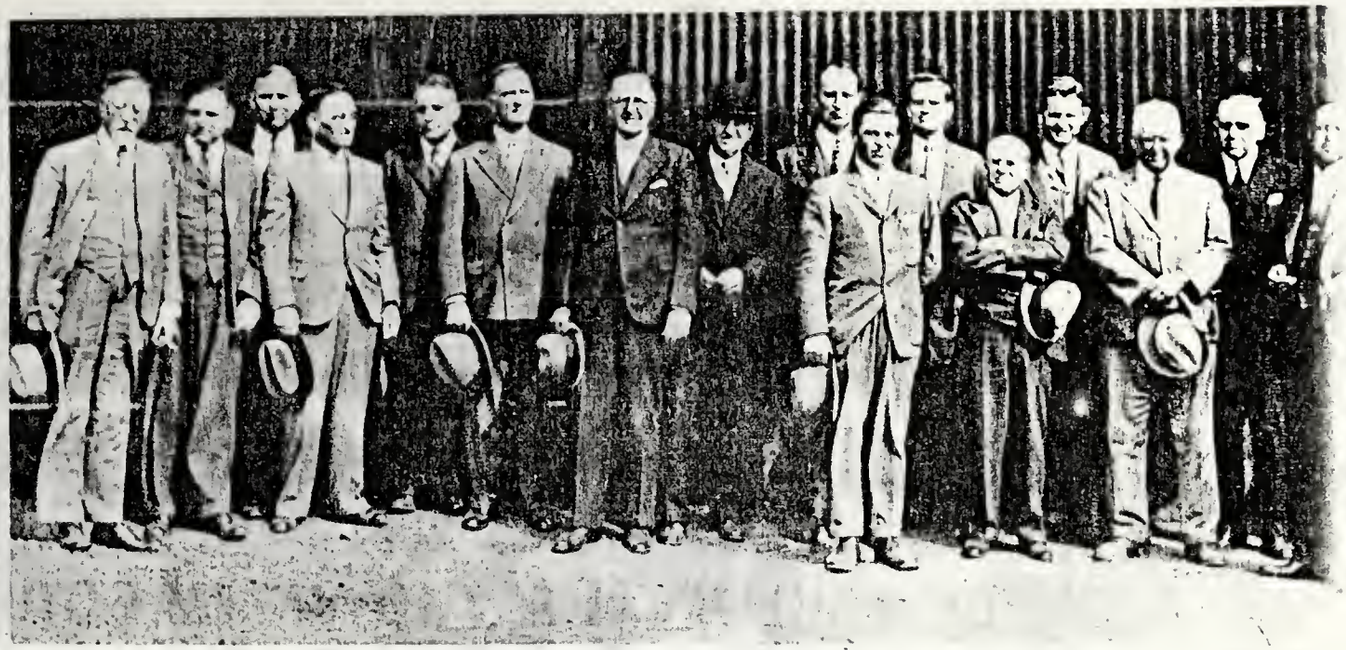
One might have assumed that the heart and mind absorbed in scientific work might become utterly engrossed to the exclusion of all else. Not so, Willard Hooker! Devotion to work was never at the sacrifice of kindly interest and ready sympathy with his fellowmen. He was intensely human. Many were the instances where in his quiet, unostentatious way he lent both a listening ear and ready aid. Any man in the organization who was eager to make better use of his talents found from Willard a whole hearted interest. Any man who had a family problem found a deep concern for his welfare.

And while Willard Hooker was but an infrequent participant in general club and social life, how he enjoyed the companionship of the folks among whom his daily life was spent!

"Those who were associated most closely with Willard Hooker well know what a good friend he was," states R. L. Murray. "His warmth of heart, sympathy and understanding were evidenced in countless ways. Those who participated with him in the many conferences which he held at his home on the shores of Canandaigua Lake will never forget the happy times spent there with him and his family. No conference session lasted more than three or four hours without his suggesting a little recess for a game of croquet or a walk in the woods, or along the shores of the lake. The bountiful meals which were provided for the conferees by Mrs. Hooker often made the early afternoon session

The story of the fire of 1910 told in pictures. At left, the cell house prior to the fire. Above, the ruins immediately after the fire. At right, the next cell house erected in 1910.





Willard Hooker, fourth from left, in the midst of Hooker Electrochemical executives on the occasion of a plant conference.

rather difficult because of a certain sleepiness, which was frequently relieved by a recess for lighter pursuits."

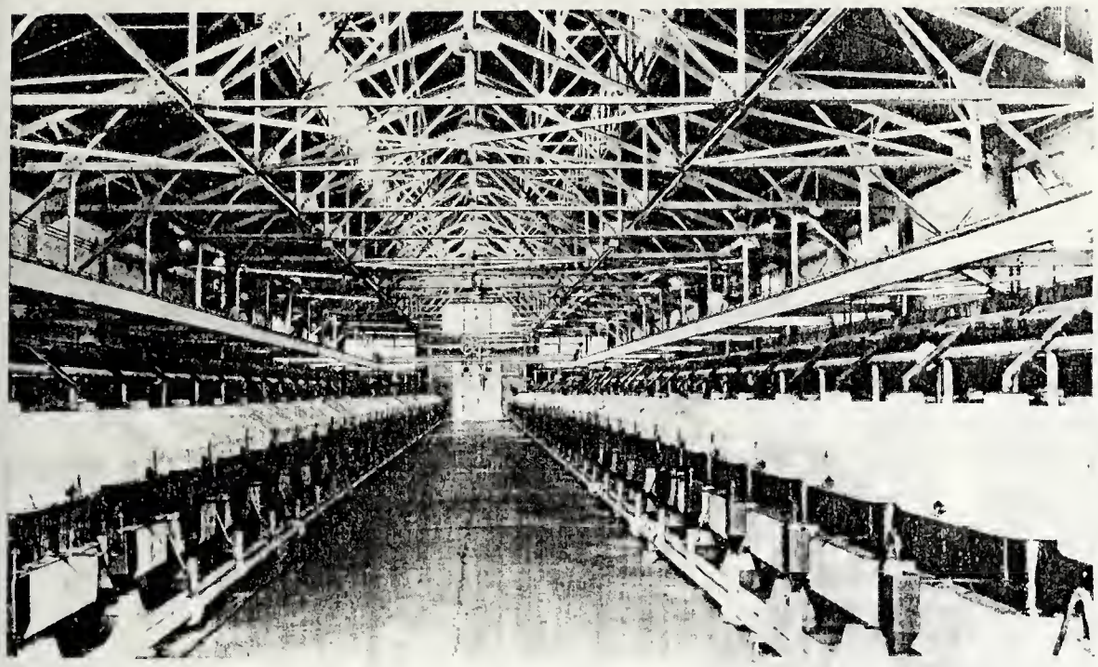
It was in June 1909, while engaged in his duties as Plant Superintendent, that the illness began which in later years so frequently interrupted his business activity. In the nervous strain and responsibility inherent in bringing the Plant through the development stages, combined with his conscientiousness, loyalty, and unselfish disregard for human physical limitations, apparently lies the origin of his poor health.

In 1910 came the strenuous demands coincident with the fire which swept the Niagara Plant. Willard Hooker, who had moved with his family to New York, returned to Niagara to assume an important role in the reconstruction program which was immediately launched. With that indomitable courage with which he faced his own personal battle against odds, he brought to this new task the spirit that brooked no defeat. Largely through his inspirational leadership the new plant, vastly greater, rose over the ashes of the old.

Seven years later Willard Hooker returned to associate himself with the Executive Offices at New York. He had been Treasurer of the Hooker Electrochemical Company since its organization in 1909 at the time it superseded the Development and Funding Company. A Director throughout his life, from 1916 forward he was either Vice President or Senior Vice President. During his later years, in addition to his other activities he was in charge of the Development and Research Department.

In the latter capacity Willard Hooker was active up to the very end. During the last five years of his life he spent many hours in consideration of the personnel of the Company in relation to greater efficiency and to the growth of the men themselves. This activity was by no means confined to the New York Office, but spread over the Niagara and Tacoma plants as well. Rather naturally in his later years he was concerned particularly with the members of the Development and Research Department which came directly under his own supervision.

Though the later years of his business career brought separation from the plant at Niagara, Willard Hooker's interest in its progress only grew



A view of a modern cell house at Niagara showing 168 Type S cells —No. 7 and 8 circuits.

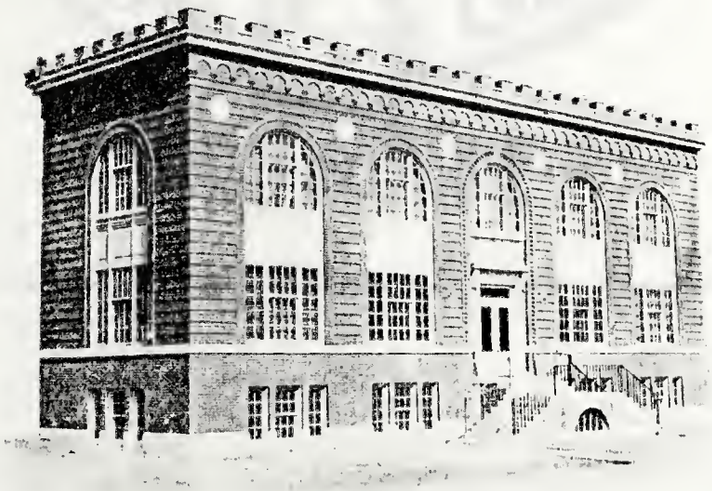
the deeper. Welcome indeed were the trips to Niagara from New York. They meant for him the renewal of his valued associations at the plant with the men with whom he had labored in its upbuilding. Many of these men had been with him through the early years of pioneering at Niagara. Others had joined him at later stages of its development. He was always glad to be again in their midst.

R. L. Murray mentions the fact that Willard Hooker took a particular interest in ways and means of overcoming the crowded conditions of the Niagara offices. He spent hours and hours in planning all sorts of schemes. All these ended in the conclusion that there wasn't room enough to do anything. This led to the consideration of the new Development and Research Office Building, which is now a reality. Willard played a real part in the erection of this building.

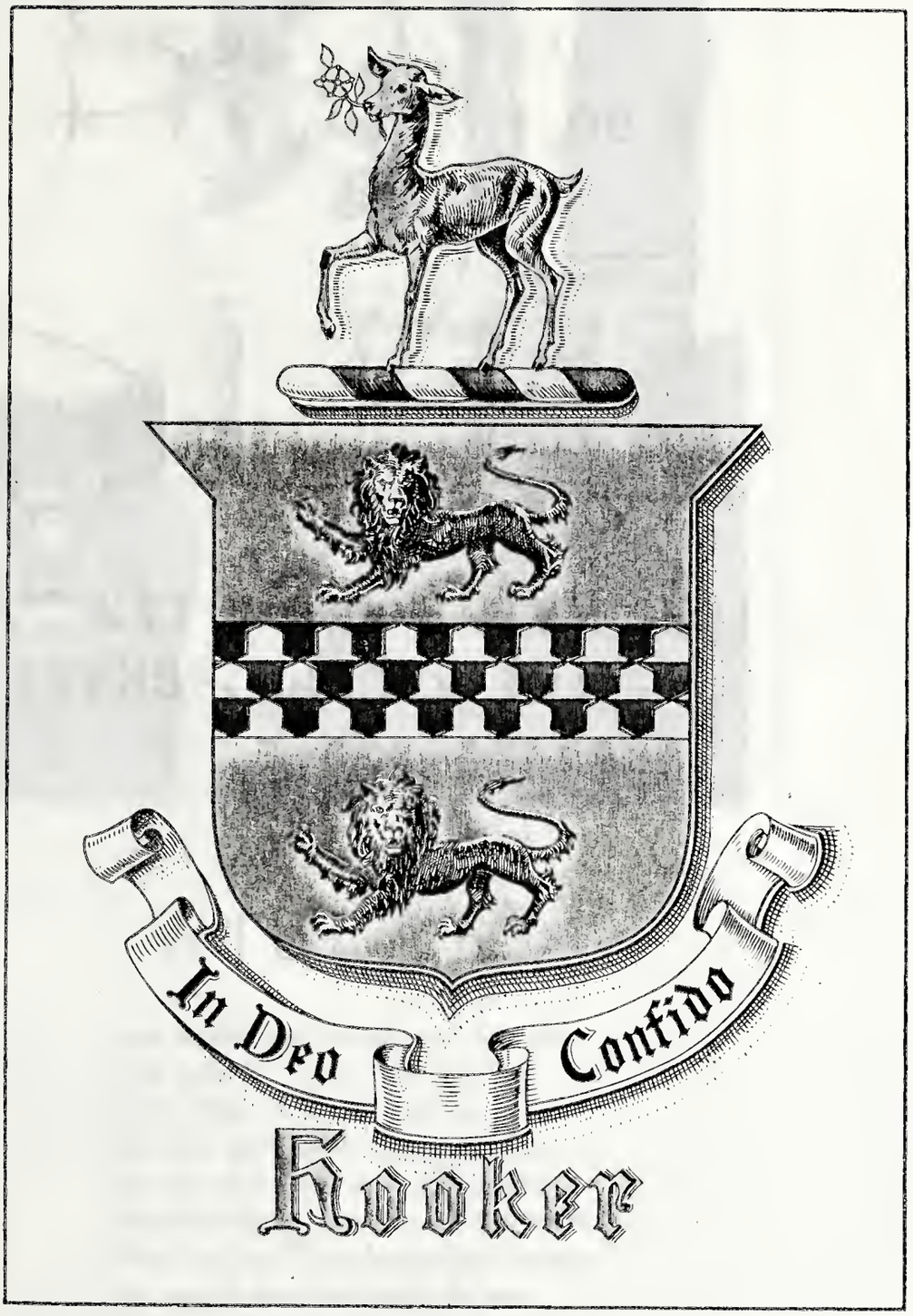
As today one surveys the Hooker plants, East and West, the mind goes back to the man whose life of quiet service was so devotedly given to the Company into which he generously poured his life work.

Truly, if ever a man "wrought out by patient labor" a form that has been foundational . . . basic . . . that man was Willard Hooker . . . a friend sadly missed but "whose works do follow him."

The recently completed Research Office Building at Niagara.



This building was one of Willard Hooker's cherished dreams.


In Deo Confido
Kooker

"WILLARD"

How bright, how loving was his smile,
How calm his spirit, free of guile;
Truer friend there could not be,
Nor none more kind, of pretense free.
The ills and pains and aches of life
How bravely met and though his strife
With all these foes, brought no surcease,
Yet was he more and more the man
We learned to love throughout the years.
Gentle, brave, wise and keen,
Helpful to all in everything.

A Tribute from
JOHN E. ROESER, *one of the closest friends*
of Horace Willard Hooker.

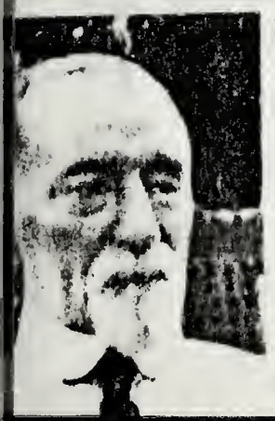
Boyhood

WILLARD HOOKER's boyhood was rich, indeed, not in material things but in things that possessed enduring value. And so overflowingly full was his boyhood life of the great, simple things of life that money could not buy, that they remained throughout his entire lifetime as man's choicest possessions. Among these things were the close companionships of the family circle, warm friendship among those who shared common joys and pleasures, a great love of the out-of-doors, and a love for Nature in all her moods. These boyhood joys were never lost. These treasured experiences of his boyhood days ever beckoned him with all their irresistible charm until they were largely reenacted in his loved home of later years at Canandaigua.

Paul Hooker gives us Willard's boyhood in a brief sketch that those who knew and loved the very same traits in Willard, the man, will particularly enjoy:

"Willard's playground in early childhood," Paul writes, "was the large lawn and fields around the family home. In winter there was coasting down the nearby road running diagonally down the river bank, forming a long hill, ideal for the purpose. And, too, there was skating on Emerson's ice pond, as well as on the lower Genesee River. In summer there was swimming in the 'Little Eddy' behind No. 8 School, and fishing for bullheads in the ice pond. There were long hikes down the river and to the Huntington farm seven miles away in the spring for Arbutus, picnics in the summer, and chestnuts in the fall."

Early in his life Willard Hooker was taught by his parents the self-respect and true independence



Horace B. and Susan Huntington Hooker, Willard's parents.

The interesting picture of Willard Hooker in his kindergarten days was taken from a group picture of the children in School 8, attended by him and his brothers.

DAYS

. . . Often in thought go up and down
The pleasant streets of that dear old town
And my youth comes back to me.
—HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

which came through the earning of one's own living. He learned that there was nothing nobler in the world than honest labor. And the lessons of the boyhood years gave him throughout his entire life a true sense of proportion not only toward money, but toward its wise use.

Speaking of this factor in Willard's early training, Paul Hooker continues:

"It was always necessary to secure work when available. These jobs included delivering papers, attending the gas street lamps, picking berries and cherries at Grandfather Huntington's, and other pick-up work.

"At one time he decided to 'See the World' and with his cherry-picking pay surreptitiously departed one morning for Buffalo, where he spent the whole day wandering about. By nightfall he was satisfied and glad to return to an anxious mother and family who were much disturbed by his mysterious disappearance."

One of Willard Hooker's chums of boyhood days was Robert B. Pattison, who not only knew him in the grade school days, but at college. Where better could one turn for memories of Willard's youth than to the boy who shared his boyhood joys and sorrows, triumphs or defeats?

We asked him to look back over the years to those golden days when two chums studied and played together. From this friend, now the Rev. Robert B. Pattison, we have this boyhood portrait:

"Willard was always a general favorite, a good mixer, and unusually friendly by nature. From boyhood up he had a delightful lilt in his laugh, and buoyant spirits were his to a noticeable degree. The fortunate nature of a boy, quick in his interests, light-hearted, lovable, sincere, distinctly charming, remained his through the passing years."

To this summary, Rev. Pattison adds the following little story which reveals Willard's early beginnings in carpentry. The story gives us an insight into some of the reasons why Willard's later career was always purposeful. The boy who learned that even whittling could not be wasteful exemplified all through life that he had learned even in these little things to be purposeful.

"Willard liked to whittle things," narrates Mr. Pattison, "though he had been warned by his grandfather never to whittle just for the sake of doing so, but always to make something by this use of his pocketknife. This making-things trait shows in a canoe, half finished by a friend, which he took home. He decked it over along the gunwales, varnished the canvas, and believing all finished, took the prize down to the Genesee River near his home, looking forward to many days of fun ahead! The canoe promptly turned over! Willard tried again to remedy the deceitful craft, but in vain. It lay for many months on the front porch of the home, as he intended some day to persuade the gallant boat to do its stuff correctly."

undergraduate photograph of Willard while at the University of Rochester.

COLLEGE

FTER high school graduation Willard Hooker went the way of all Hookers before him to the University of Rochester, for the University of Rochester was a cherished family tradition. Had not Grandfather Elon Huntington been a trustee from the very founding of the University in 1850, and had not all his brothers preceded him as students there? So off to the University of Rochester he went, joining there in his studies his brother, Paul, who was a sophomore.

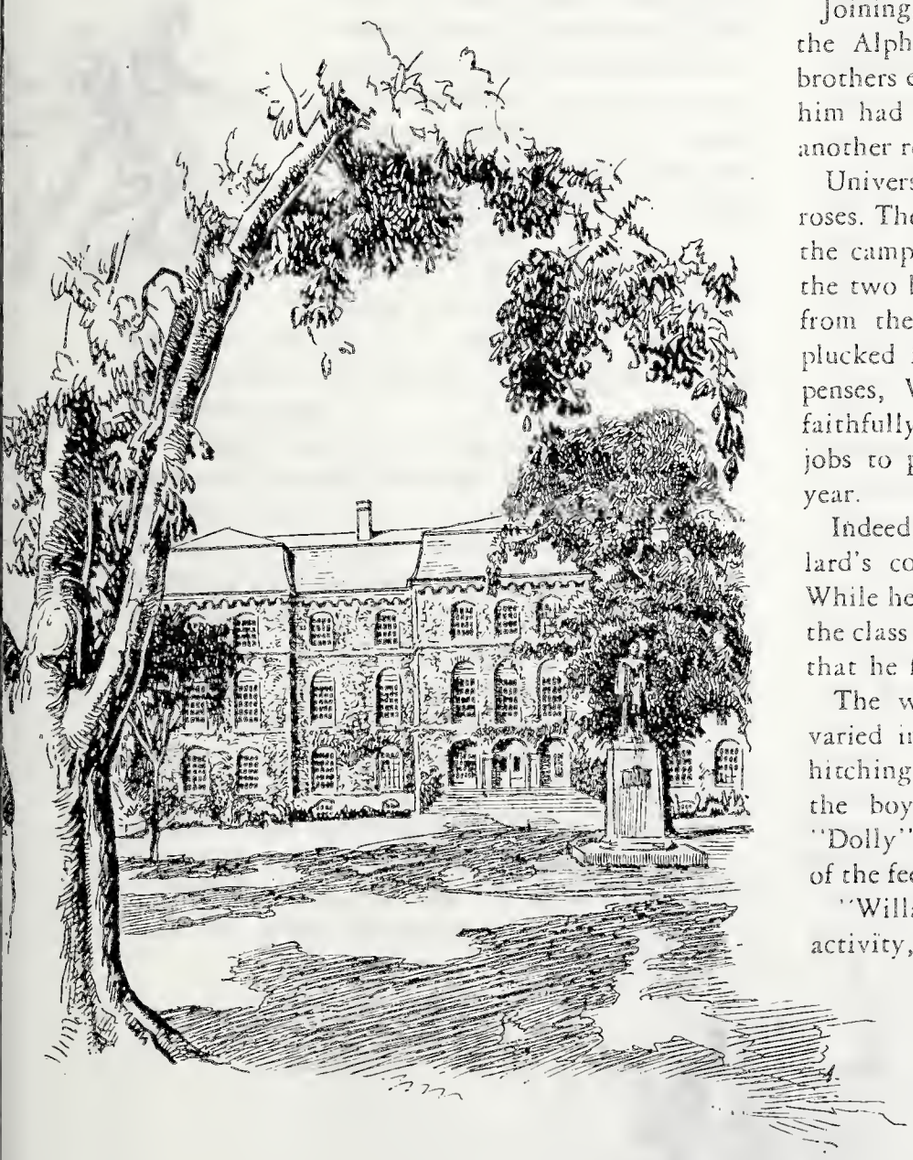
Joining, too, another grand Hooker tradition, the Alpha Delta Phi Fraternity, to which the brothers entering the University's portals ahead of him had all belonged, he proved himself in still another respect a worthy scion of his house.

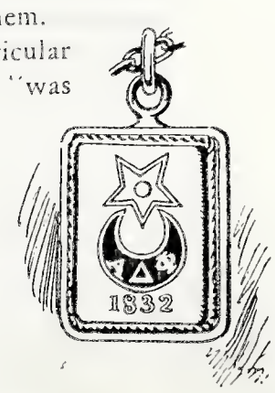
University life, however, was not all a bed of roses. The family home was three miles away from the campus. Many times during the college year the two brothers walked these three miles to and from the campus. And because funds were not plucked from bushes to finance the college expenses, Willard had a paper route which was faithfully covered. Then, too, there were summer jobs to provide money to start the next college year.

Indeed, there was a lapse of two years in Willard's college course, taken out to earn funds. While he entered the University of Rochester with the class of 1899, it was thus with the class of 1901 that he finally graduated.

The walks to and from the University were varied in winter, according to Paul Hooker, by hitching "Dolly" to the cutter or buggy. While the boys pursued their attendance at classes, "Dolly" was stabled in a barn nearby and partook of the feed they had brought with them.

"Willard's principal extra-curricular activity," reminisces Paul Hooker, "was





Days

And may our hearts where'er we roam
Forever loyal be
To our beloved college home
Beside the Genesee.

football. Playing in the end position, on more than one occasion he carried the day for the team, because of his speed and in spite of his size and light weight. Twice, at least, at Buffalo and at Syracuse, the opponents, early in the game, singled him out as the key man and passed the word around to 'get that little fellow.' In spite of this ganging up, he was too fast and slippery ever to have been badly beaten up. Football, particularly at Rochester, was then in its infancy and with meager funds at the team's disposal for traveling expenses, it was considered expedient, on at least one occasion, to play three games on three successive days on one trip. Willard played through all three games."

Robert B. Pattison, who gave us a clear picture of Willard Hooker's boyhood, has given us another leaf from his memory book that shows us his friend during the University years.

"Willard was not a student in the usual sense of the term," says Mr. Pattison. "One of his University chums said of him: 'Willard was apparently indifferent to his studies.' Willard, however, always had good marks in mathematics, thereby living up to another Hooker family trait, figures rather than letters being of the Hooker nature."

Perhaps it was this flare for mathematics which won Willard one of his summer jobs during his college days. Applying for a position with Sibley, Lindsay and Curr, dry goods firm in Rochester, Willard's first task was the finding of "ten cents" lost somewhere in the account ledgers.

"Willard always believed it an error in entry with no actual money transaction attached," writes Robert Pattison, "the 'finding' of it being a test of careful work on the clerk's part. (Others had apparently hunted for it also.) Thoroughness, patience, and aquaintance with the accounting system was thus developed."

Willard's humor was as bubbling in his college days as at all other periods of his life. Mr. Pattison makes mention of a story that his classmates repeat to this day. In a physics class he had been called to the blackboard to draw a hydraulic ram and thereby demonstrate how water could be forced up hill. As he drew the ram, the shape of the larger part suggested to Willard's mind a smoker's pipe. He, therefore, finished the drawing by lengthening the pipe and adding a man's face, in lighter lines, puffing industriously away. The class greatly appreciated his high art, even if "Bobby" the Professor did not altogether enjoy it.

"His unconventionally happy way of doing things," adds this narrator of college days, "found illustration at a dance in his fraternity house. Arriving late, he went from room to room, borrowing a tie, a coat, a pair of shoes. After enjoying the dance he disappeared to deliver papers on his route. He then came back to return the various garments which he had continued to wear for the delivering of his papers."

So passed the college years, with all their lights and shadows, their light-hearted laughter, their hours of serious purpose. One need not ask Willard Hooker's own evaluation of a college degree. Few, indeed, are the young men who leave college to earn the finances to finish their courses. It must have been to Willard Hooker a supreme satisfaction when, with the Class of 1901, he donned cap and gown on graduation day!

Ho

Willard Hooker's children: Jean, Ruth, Ward, Horace W. Hooker, Jr.

VEN before he had a home of his own," comments a life-long friend, "Willard's loyalty shone forth beautifully. Telling of his devotion to the one who later became his wife, he so extolled her that his listener teased him with, 'Well, Willard, are you engaged to her?' His reply was immediate: 'Yes, I am engaged, I am! But what I want to know is whether Ruth knows that she is!' Many happy and devoted years give fullest completion to that reply."

The marriage on May 31, 1906, of Willard Hooker and Ruth Ward was, indeed, the union of "homekeeping hearts" and the vows spoken on that day were the pledge of a beautiful loyalty that enriched with its blessings all who touched their hearth and home.

The deep significance which Willard Hooker attached to his home was not lost on the children who came to share its blessings. In very lovely tribute to her father, which his daughter Ruth has written for this memorial, she states:

"To him the family and the unity of family are the foundation of all good. He believed that the family closely knit and developing within itself, produces the greatest health, and he had a passion for health in every form. I think he considered health synonymous with good. It is hard to say whether his deep devotion to the health of the

An intimate and favorite snapshot of Willard Hooker with Mrs. Hooker taken while living at Bronxville, New York.

One is reminded by this photograph of the loving solicitude with which Ruth Hooker devoted her life to his care.

ME LIFE

". . . Every house where Love abides
And Friendship's a guest,
Is surely home, and home—sweet home
For there the heart can rest."

—HENRY VAN DYKE

body grew out of his own physical limitations, or in spite of the fact that he suffered with a delicate stomach most of his life. His home life as a boy was colored by the wholesome, humorous atmosphere of the large Hooker family in Rochester, where cheerfulness and health were the rule."

That "wholesome humor" which marked Willard's boyhood fun and college pranks gave, indeed, a gay color to the life of his own home. That spirit of cheerfulness which marked the sunny hours of health shone as sweetly through the hours of pain and suffering which cast their shadow over him all too early.

This spiritual quality which enabled him to rise courageously above physical distress only served to heighten to his friends and loved ones his radiant humor. Echoed in the hearts of all that circle surely must be that tribute paid to him on one occasion by his brother, Elon, when he said: "Willard's spirit of friendliness and cheer has dominated illness, a sweetness of character developed through overcoming depression and suffering."

Who could give us a more realistic picture of Willard Hooker in the midst of his own family than the intimate glimpse which Ruth Hooker Svanoe supplies in this very charming anecdote:

"He loved gaiety. Because he had so great an understanding of people, he was able to make them feel at ease with him regardless of differences in temperament. A company of high-hearted people together was his delight, and he the highest hearted of them all, with his charming voice and the brilliant twinkle in his eye. And he loved a good joke. His eldest son was clever at mimicking the lingo of Milt Gross in his books on 'Nize Pipple'; and I remember Father's fun in listening to those bumptious tales. His laughter would be so whole-hearted, so infectious, that I in the next room, not hearing the Milt Gross story but only Father's laughter, would have to join in. He did nothing half way, did Father, and his fun, like his work, was generous and unstinting."

Throughout his life Willard Hooker gloried in the great out-of-doors, loving Nature in all her varied moods. In winter, skating and skiing were the order of the day; in summer, swimming, sailing, and other water sports were the chief interests. In golf he participated to the fullest extent allowed by his physicians. Tennis, which from his youth he had greatly enjoyed, was engaged in seldom

A Hooker Family Reunion at the Hooker Homestead. Standing left to right: A. H. Hooker, Mrs. A. H. Hooker, E. H. Hooker, Mrs. E. H. Hooker, Miss Margaret Hooker, H. M. Hooker, Mrs. Paul Hooker, Paul Hooker, Mrs. Willard Hooker, Mrs. E. M. Trimble (Jeanette Hooker) Willard Hooker, E. M. Trimble. Seated: Mrs. H. B. Hooker (Grandmother).

Left to right: Ruth, Willard, Ward, Mrs. Hooker, Jean.

in his later years because of its strenuous nature.

But of all these sports it was as an ice skater that he attained a truly outstanding proficiency. He enjoyed especially his trips to the Lake Placid Club where the paramount winter sport was ice skating and where he became a fancy skater "of no mean talent," as his daughter states. Indeed, his devotion to this particular sport led him to buy Spaulding's book on the latest fancy forms to show the children.

"I think it was a great disappointment to him," comments Ruth, "that none of his own children did anything outstanding in the athletic field. At perhaps no time in my own career was Father more proud of me than when I won the eighth grade running races one spring and when I was made captain of the school's basketball team. I think he felt that at last I had started on the right path."

Even after the home was established at Canandaigua, Willard Hooker's desire to express activity found ingenious outlet. It was there that he planned and carried out a perfect croquet court . . . but more of that in the interesting story which Horace W. Hooker Jr. will narrate in our chapter on "Canandaigua Days." It is mentioned here to show how Willard Hooker countered every limitation with the fullest possible expression of his sense of activity.

All of this activity was at all times the outward expression of an ever-active mind. Everyone who knew Willard Hooker intimately will recognize his love of mental stimulus in a contribution by L. A. Ward on his brother-in-law Willard's use of his leisure time: "Away from the office," writes L. A. Ward, "Willard could best mentally relax when interested in some activity that permitted him to be absorbed, such as in a mechanical problem, word puzzle, or some pursuit entirely apart from business.

"When cross-word puzzles were first in vogue, he became interested and from then on he was always ready to spend part of his leisure time solving cross-words. In time the simple forms seemed too easy and he concentrated on the diagramless type.

"No doubt, his introduction to jig-saw puzzles came in his youth, but his real interest was aroused when the fad developed in the 1920's. No puzzle

Willard enjoying his favorite winter pastime.

was too small or too large for him. He had access to some large puzzles and every now and then completed a two to four thousand piece set. This started him on the use of selectors, reinforced cardboard trays, which he made for the purpose. Tables and chairs would be devoted for days to holding these boards until the solved puzzle took shape for all to admire. In April and May 1936 Willard solved the largest known jig-saw puzzle—a cut-up poster about 40 x 60 inches. He was living then in his Park Avenue apartment and there the only surface large enough to accommodate the puzzle was either the dining-room table or the grand piano. Slowly, but surely, the poster took shape and eventually was set in an intricate frame to hold it together—the frame itself showing no little ingenuity and labor in its construction."

The man who saw through the intricate problems of mathematics and explored the unknown reaches of science, who found his entertainment putting together 4000-piece jig-saw puzzles, looked as deeply into life, saw through its artifices, found its truths, and loved everything that was "honest and of good report."

"He was a purist," writes Ruth Hooker as she sums up her appreciation of her father. "A thing well done, no matter how little he understood its province, he admired for the detail and care that went into its creation. He, himself, was a great stickler for detail. In any discussion or research he made a habit of compiling material from every angle in the finest detail before he considered he had enough data to go ahead with an opinion.

"Respect for industry was a great part of his philosophy. He had small sympathy for anyone who was lazy from a sense of defeat or passive negation. At the same time, I think there was no one more ready to help and give encouragement to the man who was down, but whose energy and pride were still strong. He loved men; his understanding and gentleness to men less fortunate than he, but whom he respected for their ambition or energetic determination to make good, was unbounded. His own words were that such men had 'spunk' and deserved the help of their fellows. And when he said they had 'spunk' his voice would boom a bit, and his eyes sparkle with genuine tribute. Oh, yes, he loved men of good will and good strength!

"Father wanted to do his duty to the community and to the world. This also went along with his faithful adherence to any plan that had been carefully and thoughtfully made. One of his favored expressions, and probably his most contented state of mind, was 'to be all squared away.' To know that all details of a situation had been properly settled, with the thoroughness characteristic of his work, and the thing accomplished with a minimum of loss and maximum of nicety, was to be 'all squared away' and ready to go on to the next thing. Unpaid debts or disloyalty to one's chosen friend were a horror to him and he wanted always to 'face a thing through.' Sulking, whining, or the loud silences of self-pity, were traits he tried to abolish in his children. He wanted us to face the music, and, the punishment over, to hold no grudges. He, himself, was capable of such clear and dispassionate reasoning that a grudge was practically unknown to him. One of the finest gifts he has left his children seems to me to be the knowledge that a man may pursue a purely reasonable and unpartisan train of thought and arrive at justice, without forsaking the human equation."

A family group during the latter years of Willard's life.

Standing: Ward, Willard, Horace Jr.
Seated: Ruth, Mrs. Hooker, Jean.

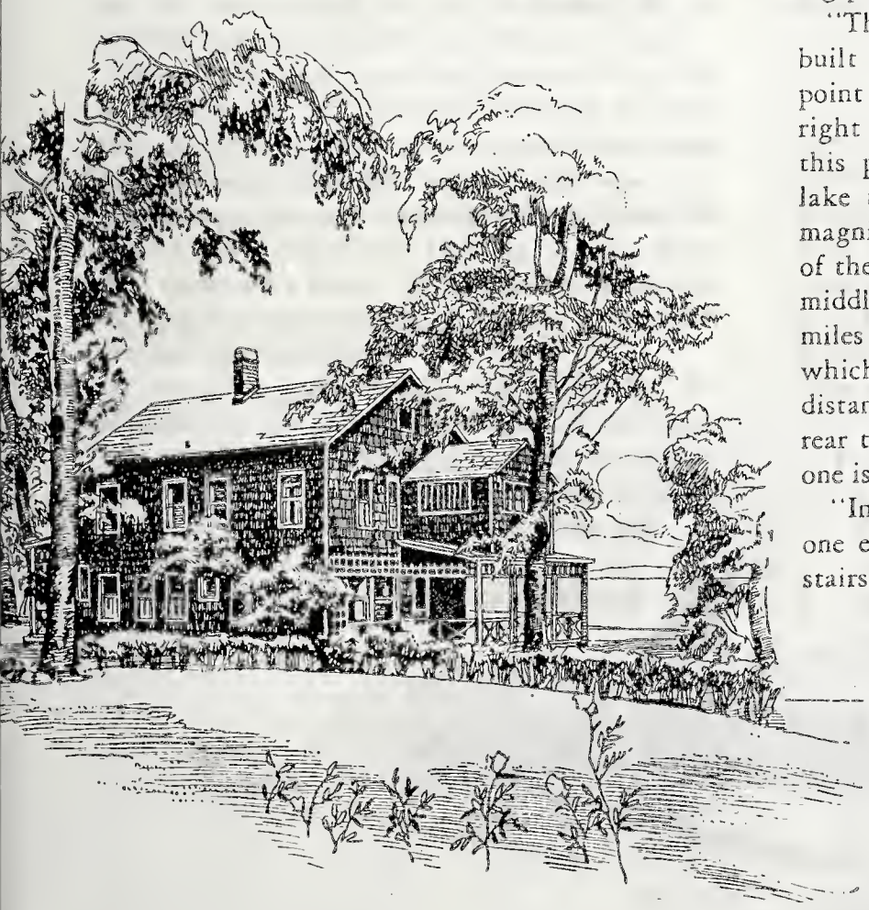
CANANDAIGUA

URING the later years of Willard's life," states Wolcott Hooker, "it was clear that 'Home' to Willard was the place he had acquired and revamped to his own liking near Canandaigua, New York. From early spring until late fall, he would so shape his plans as to be at Canandaigua, in the hope that there he could be joined by others of his immediate family and as many friends as could 'honor him with their presence.' "

It was in the summer of 1922 that Willard Hooker rented at Monteith Point on the lake the comfortable two story cottage of nine rooms that so enamored the whole family that in 1923 he purchased it outright. Speaking of its entrancing location, H. W. Hooker Jr. paints us the following picture.

"The cottage," he writes, "was built as close to the end of the point as prudence allowed and right on the water's edge. Since this point juts farther into the lake than any other, there is a magnificent view from the front of the cottage. One appears to be standing in the middle of the lake looking south for some ten miles over a wide, unbroken sheet of water from which the banks rise more and more steeply as the distance grows. These successively higher hills rear their peaks beyond the lake and the farthest one is some twenty-five miles away.

"In 1923 Father and I built a sleeping porch at one end of the house. The next year the downstairs was remodeled to make a large and efficient



DAYS

"Then the Workman saw his labor
taking form and bearing fruit,
Like a tree with splendid branches
rising from an humble root."

—HENRY VAN DYKE

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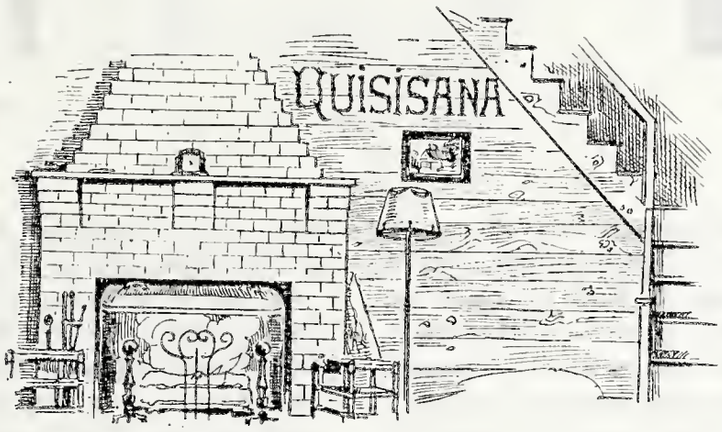


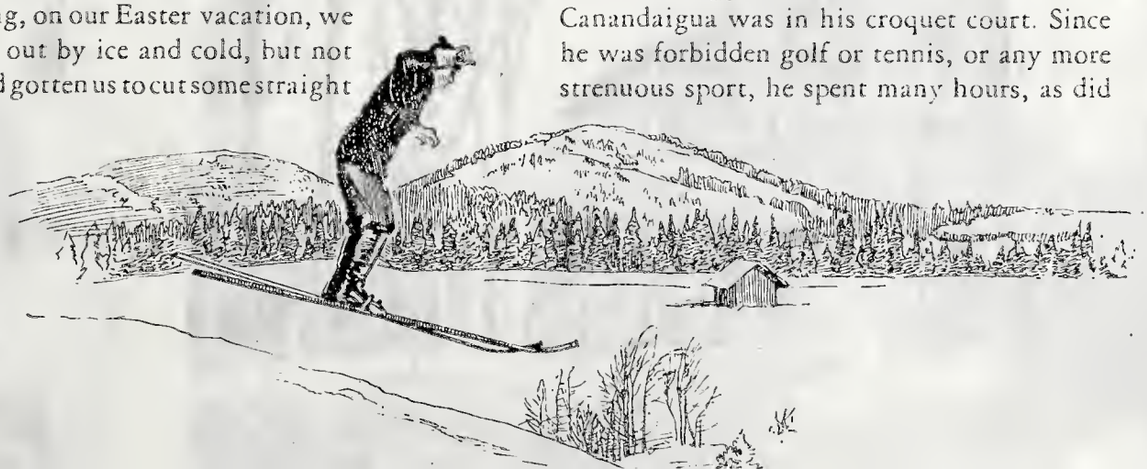
kitchen at the back and convert the relatively small dining room, side porch and living room into one big L-shaped room. The big front porch was extended around three sides and another sleeping porch added upstairs . . . then the family was ready to go at the rest of the place. We built the tennis court ourselves under Father's direction and to R. L. Murray's measurements—a tennis court that has no superior in my experience. We built a drive down to the house and a retaining wall of big boulders from the creek to keep it from washing out our gardens and lawn in the spring. We installed plumbing and electric lights in the house."

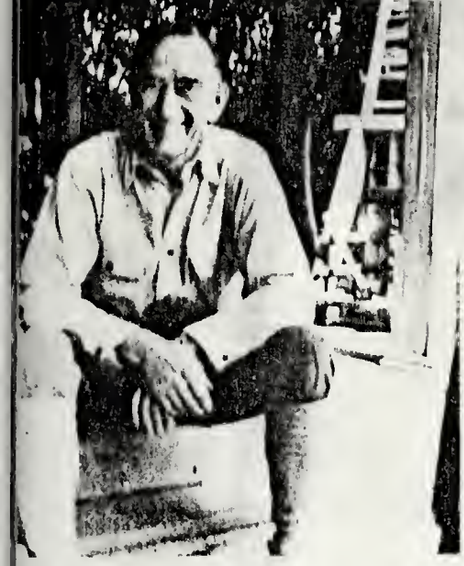
Many who have contributed material for this memorial have laid emphasis on Willard Hooker's love of carpentry. His sense of completion of any piece of work came only when it had been thoroughly wrought out. It mattered not whether the project was a vast factory building, a motor boat, or a carpenter's bench. It deserved the most meticulous of plans and manual labor that approached genuine craftsmanship.

"The interesting thing," continues H. W. Hooker Jr., "to note about almost all the work that was done at Canandaigua was that it was done by Willard Hooker himself and with his children. In the early spring, on our Easter vacation, we might be driven out by ice and cold, but not before Father had gotten us to cut some straight willow branches and sink them into the ground to the water level for a willow hedge. Those willows have grown thirty feet tall and spread out prodigously, and Ward Hooker always calls them 'his willow hedge.' But there would not have been any hedge unless our presiding genius had seen to it that Ward put them in.

"Father always wanted us to have all the possible facilities for play and exercise. He built two box stalls onto the barn and my sister, Ruth, had a riding horse for a number of years. I wanted a motor boat, so Father ordered it 'knocked down' from a manufacturer, and he and I built it together on the porch. When it was done it went thirty miles an hour. Father applied himself very strenuously to the proper design and construction of a raft for us to use for swimming and diving. One year a massive structure, upon which a magnificent springboard was fastened, was reared in the lake. A court for deck tennis was constructed. A summer house was built. There were always more things to do every year.

"During the last few years of his life, Father's biggest interest at Canandaigua was in his croquet court. Since he was forbidden golf or tennis, or any more strenuous sport, he spent many hours, as did





l enjoying the veranda at Canandaigua.

Mrs. Hooker amidst her flowers in the garden.

those who visited him, playing croquet. The driveway had been made into a long oval loop and the inside was lined with privet hedge. In this area, which measured about 50 x 100 feet, father plowed and harrowed and seeded and rolled, and did the whole thing over again until he had one of the smoothest, greenest pieces of turf I have seen. One of our best stories on Father was the time he got a steam roller diverted from work on the country road to come down and roll his croquet court. When the roller left, the whole court surface was six inches below the ground level and full of long broad plateaus and canals. However, by the next year it was regraded and as smooth as ever.

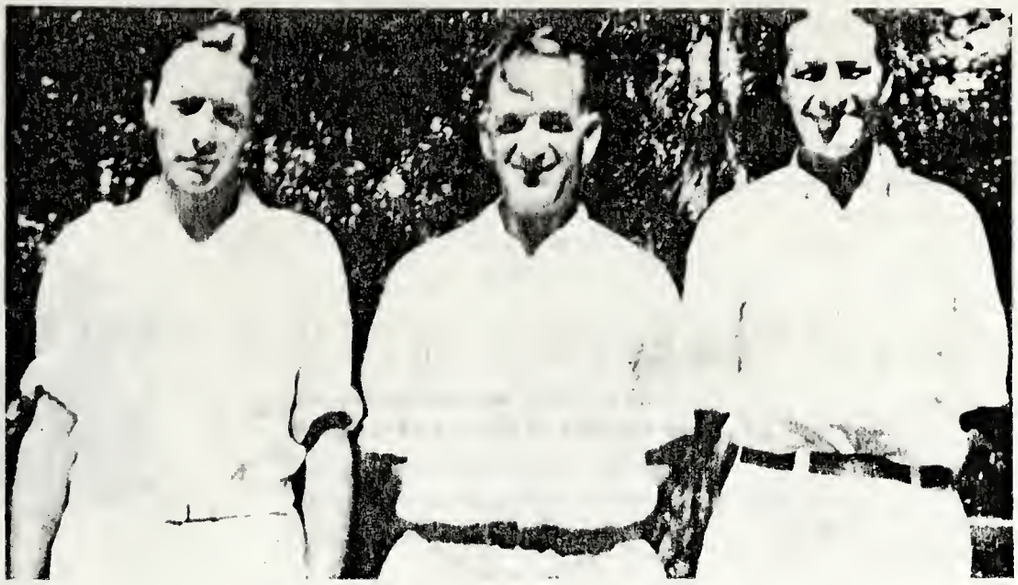
"One of the secrets of Canandaigua, as Willard Hooker made it for us, is its ability to charm all ages with its physical equipment alone. The Trimbles often drove down to spend a Sunday with us. Upon young Ted Trimble's first trip down he had such a grand time playing with the boats that he started a campaign at home the very next Sunday to get down to Canandaigua again. Aunt Betty Trimble finally told him it wouldn't do for them to go down to the lake that Sunday because the Hookers were all away. Ted said, 'What of it, the boats are still there, aren't they?' "

Willard Hooker's methodical approach even to an outing or a picnic elicits an amusing highlight by Ruth of his characteristic traits on such occasions.

"Father would write down," she says, "and edit several times the certain route he meant to take in the car, and deviations of an emotional nature would be little to his liking. On picnics, for instance, we always had a funny time trying to settle on the place. Father wanted to pick out the very best place possible, and the result of this was to put off our lunch way beyond the hour dictated by our stomachs, while father 'looked for a good place.' 'Just over this next hill, now,' he'd say, looking apologetically around at the four famished children.

ppy pair caught by the camera.

The home with its stately trees on the lake shore.



"Dad" and the boys—Ward, Willard, Horace.

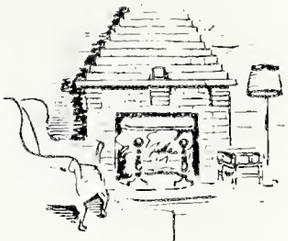
"He was an ardent 'fixer.' Any little gadget gone awry in the house, or even an arithmetic question brought home from school by a perplexed child, merited his attention. He loved the slow and intricate unriddling of gnarly problems. We would all be driving along in the car, enjoying the scenery (if we did not enjoy the scenery, Father would look back and tell us to. He disliked waste of any kind, and opportunity was there to see the country around us). While everything went smoothly, Father would be quite solemn driving along with his attention glued to the road. He seldom seemed himself to 'enjoy the scenery,' but appeared quite bored with the whole business. Until suddenly something went wrong! A flat tire, a clacking wire? Ah, then Father would be in his element. He would get out of the car apparently disgruntled at the forced stop. But once started at changing the tire, or pulling the car apart to discover the miscreant wire, we would hear him whistling cheerfully, his face alight with interest. His whole attention would be riveted to the problem, and he would be happy."

"What was Willard Hooker's philosophy of life?" asks Robert Pattison and then he gives a beautiful answer in a comment with which we ourselves may well close this chapter. "It was during his days in Chicago with his brother, Albert, that he wrote me several long letters, partly, I felt, because he was a bit homesick; partly, I knew, because he was aware of my concern with whatever concerned his welfare. There was one letter in which, after detailing his discouragement that things were not shaping themselves agreeably to his hopes and plans and ambitions, he finished with the significant words: 'Well, tomorrow will be another day.' It was characteristic of him, even in those earlier days, to put on his future an insistence that just ahead there was some opportunity to make good, to forget the annoyances of the present and enter in imagination into some other larger chance to accomplish something worth while."

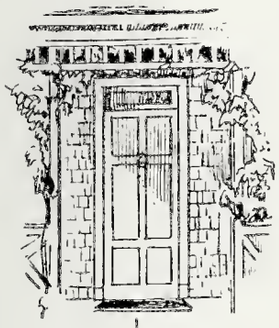
, his daughter Jean (left), and a friend.

"Quisisana" in all its inviting hospitality.

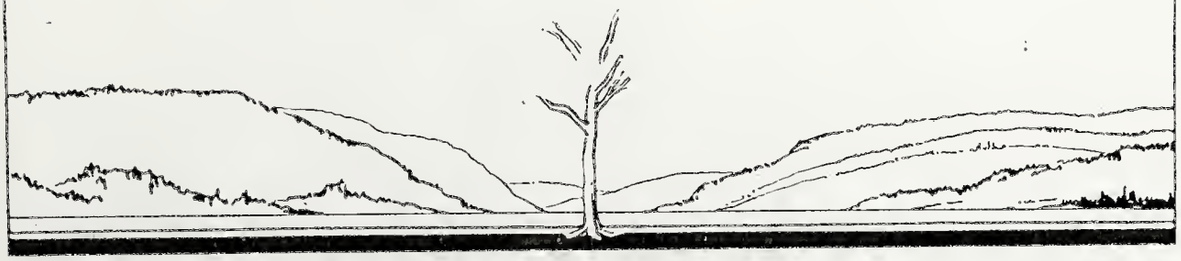
The cornerstone in Truth is laid,
The guardian walls of Honour made,
The roof of Faith is built above,
Though rains descend and loud winds call,
This happy house shall never fall.



When the logs are burning free,
Then the fire is full of glee:
When each heart gives out its best,
Then the talk is full of zest:
Light your fire and never fear,
Life was made for love and cheer.



The lintel low enough to keep out pomp and pride:
The threshold high enough to turn deceit aside:
The fastening strong enough from robbers to defend:
This door will open at a touch to welcome every friend.

Time can never take
  What Time did not give;
When my shadows have all passed,
  You shall live.

—HENRY VAN DYKE